

BURN

IN HELL,

BUDDY!

(The Incredibly True Adventures

of a Kid and

His Starship)

#1

The SEX Issue

Gay by Nature  
PROUD by CHOICE

PRIDE

VALUE ALL FAMILIES

Treehugging Dirt Worshipper

good planets  
are hard to find

friends  
@ POTOMAC

7469 LZ

Buy Locally  
Grown

In a time of universal deceit,  
telling the truth  
is a revolutionary act.


AND I VOTE!

Buy Locally Grown

EAGLE, ALASKA  
ON THE BANK OF THE KUKON

SAVE THE EARTH  
TWO WE HAVE  
THREE WE CAN SAVE

By Vermicious Knid



People stare at my car.  
People gape at my car.  
People react to my car.

Sometimes they react in ways that are touching,  
sometimes ways that piss me off,  
most of the time in ways that make me laugh...

Always they remind me of why

I drive the car that I do:

People DO notice what I have to say  
And no trip is ever dull...

Not in the STARSHIP VERMES...

This is my first perzine.

I'm a wanderer  
with a bizarre sense of adventure.

This zine is gonna be about travelling  
and troublemaking  
and other good fun.

Each issue will have a theme  
And hopefully they'll get  
larger with time.

My other zines are available for trade from:

10 8 Rte. 30

Newfane VT 05345

Please write!



So it's Wednesday afternoon. I've got a little time to kill between getting off of work and getting to my evening govt class.

Kelly says she'll meet me at work and we'll do something. She arrives, and

Vermes wisks us away to a park near my school. By the time we arrive, I realize we've barely got half an hour to spend together, and I decide I'll go to class late.

(Insert ominous foreshadowing music here)

We start walking around the lake, and before long, we're in the woods, enjoying one of the finest aspects of nature: sex.

And then we hear the horses.

Well, here I am, naked from the waist down. And here comes a group of men on horses, and they're real close, heading straight for us.

The

one in front yells something to the others about "people in the path ahead."

Path, huh?

I had thought that we were distinctly off of the path, in a stream bed. But somehow, at the moment, converging myself up seems a little more important than questioning that.

And I'm

thinking: park rangers. And I'm

thinking: just how illegal is

nudity and sodomy in a state park?

And I'm thinking: Oh Fuck!

So I think I got my boxers on, before they were in particularly clear sight of me.

They skirt around us, as I fumble awkwardly with my pants.

Kelly stands there, clothed but equally awkward, in that Ack!-I-dont-know-where-to-stand-or-which-way-to-look kind of way.

The men go by, being surprisingly silent and pokerfaced - all but one, and he has a huge cheesy grin. Just as he's right next to me, he says

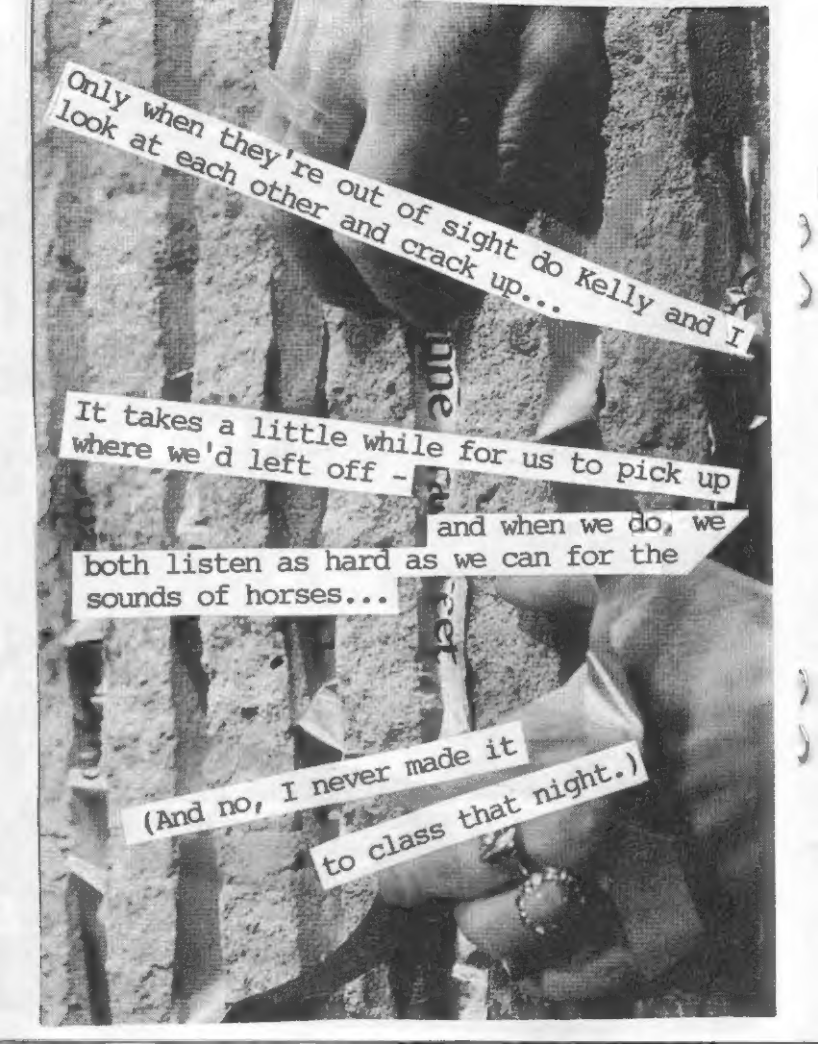
"Doin' the Naked Thing!"

Taken aback, I just kind of gape and stare at him.

He goes on, "I see how it is, doin' the Naked Thing! AW yeah!"

As he rides away, I hear the repeated refrain under his breath:

"Doin' the naked thing, doin' the naked thing,  
doin' the naked thing..."



Only when they're out of sight do Kelly and I  
look at each other and crack up...

It takes a little while for us to pick up  
where we'd left off -

and when we do, we  
both listen as hard as we can for the  
sounds of horses...

(And no, I never made it  
to class that night.)





BAD WEATHER

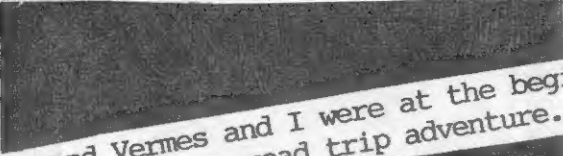
BAD HEALTH

BAD LUCK


AND

BAD BAD SEX


JC




Kelly and Vermes and I were at the beginning  
of our big summer road trip adventure.



We were in Wilmington, NC, for Wefest.



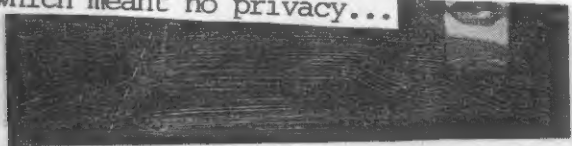
Everything was perfect and fun and good -  
with three exceptions:



we were both sick

the weather was way too hot

we were staying on my friend's floor,  
which meant no privacy...



One scorchingly hot afternoon, we find a park  
to hang out in.

We finish reading aloud  
Charlie and the Chocolate Factory.

Then we decided to have sex.

So we were seeking a place that was a) not  
directly in public view, and b) shady.

We walk down some car tracks, leading into  
the trees and away from the park.

Multiple used condoms on the  
ground lead us to believe that  
we could be on the right track

We keep going and soon arrive at some  
power lines. Just barely visible up ahead  
is a highway.

It was real hot. And real sticky.

Shade was nowhere.

Then Kelly spots what appears to be a shade patch way up, along the power lines, so we start trekking that way.

The more we walk, the smaller the shade patch appears.

And then suddenly, there in front of us, cutting off all access to the small, elusive shade patch, is a mighty river.

Or maybe a stream.

But a big one.

One that we don't want to have to cross.  
So we turn back around,

now having abandoned all hope of shade.

At this point we're just seeking a grassy spot that won't be too terribly itchy.

We find a not-so-mighty river and step across.

Immediately I am attacked by thorns,

followed by gnats trying to drink my blood  
and crawl inside my leg.

Needless to say, I was not thrilled  
with the way things were going.

Not to mention the general gross feelings  
that come with being sick.

Soon we crossed back over the not-so-mighty  
river,

chose a spot at random,

and set about the business of

getting it on.

I was feeling gross in a whole bunch of ways,  
but trying not to think about that.

Sure enough, it didn't take too long  
before thoughts of sex filled a larger  
percentage of my brain than thoughts of how  
repulsive I felt.

Soon we were naked, and  
then we were on the ground.

Kelly was on a little makeshift bed comprised  
of our discarded clothing.

Meanwhile, this left me to be on the  
ground. Which seemed perfectly okay.

Now, it's awfully hard to focus on what

you're doing when you have gnats in your  
ears and other such distractions.

As we all know, good sex is all about  
paying attention.

This was **not** destined to be good sex.

Then I feel a bite, a little bug chomp  
on my left side

right where leg meets

stomach.

I carry on, trying to ignore it but another  
follows... and another...

I try to be slick (failing miserably I'm sure)  
about moving an arm and swatting away  
whatever is eating me -

but the stinging bites just keep coming.

Being entirely

unslick by now, I sit up abruptly.

That's when I discover the  
entire ant colony, which is defending its  
home by devouring my leg.

Before long I got them off, but the hundreds  
of gross red and white bumps lasted for weeks.

This was clearly time to give up  
and seek consolation ice cream.

So much for the joys of outdoor sex...

A sampling of Vermes' 46 bumper stickers...

Celebrate Community, Honor Diversity

Question Authority

Silence Is the Voice of Complicity

Gay By Nature, Proud By Choice

Family Farms, Not Animal Factories

Keep Abortions Safe and Legal

Value ALL Families

Question Gender

Treehugging Dirt Worshipper

Don't Postpone Joy

If Going to Church Makes You a Christian,  
Does Going to the Garage Make You a Car?

Celebrate Civil Unions

Support Spiritual Literacy - Journey Inward

Real Families Value Gay Relatives

Support Your Local Revolution

Buy LOcally Grown

Save the Earth So We Have Someplace To Boogie